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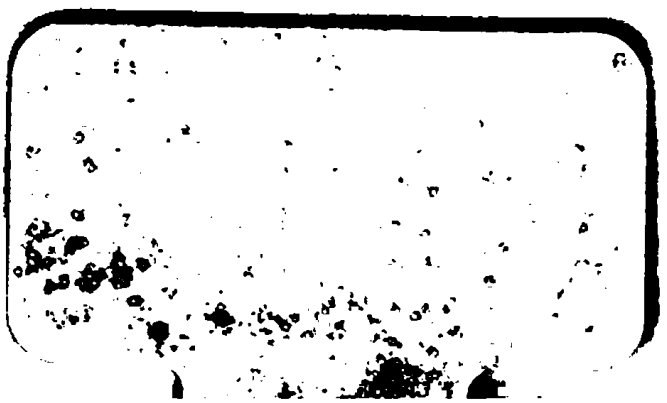

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Souvestre

Dr Will Bailey

Book

in Washington DC

THE

MOTHER OF WASHINGTON,

And Other Tales.

From the French of Emile Soubestre.

BY S. J. DONALDSON, JR.

BALTIMORE:
J. MURPHY & CO. PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS,
182 BALTIMORE STREET.
1864.

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PREFACE.

THE memory of the Mother of Washington has ever been held in reverence by the American people. We have loved to trace in her well balanced character, the same exact lines of rectitude, judgment and duty, which were more publicly displayed in the life of her remarkable son.

The opening sketch of this little book which bears testimony to the nobility of her mind, is peculiarly grateful to us, coming as it does, from the pen of a stranger to our clime and race. It establishes what we have ever believed, that Washington was not simply the Genius of the hour, or the child of one nation, but that the Future bending over his grave will delight to water and cherish those flowers which the present has planted; while humanity at large, in his death, mourn for him as a brother departed!

The other historic sketches of Chateaubriand and Ohmacht—the world renowned Artist, are not without their interest, while the short story of the Conscript pleasantly varies living fact with imagination.

But not to detain you longer over a preface, we will now introduce you to Souvestre.

TRANSLATOR.

*

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The Mother of Washington.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EMILE SOUVESTRE.

IT has been affirmed "that in an especial manner, mothers have educated all such men as were truly great," to establish which, some writer has made out a list of illustrious characters since the days of the Gracchi, who have been raised to power by the influence of woman. Perhaps it would be as well to extend this observation to members of the human family generally, whether renowned or unknown, and say, that their characters, deeds, dispositions even, depend in a great measure upon the discipline they have received at the hands of their mothers.

Having charge of the child from the moment of his birth, directing and correcting his

earliest impressions and opening before him, in advance of all others, the various walks of life, the mother is, in fact, a teacher invested with supreme power to the formation of his principles and habits. She the oftenest transmits to her sons her temperament and her expression, and not less frequently does she endow them with the lineaments of her soul. It seems as though the seeds of good and evil so closely garnered within her own nature, more freely develope themselves in the child reared by her care, and it is especially owing to this that he is sure to become her reward or her chastisement.

Among mothers who had a right to regard their sons as the crown of their lives, she who bore Washington, indisputably occupies a first place. Sprung from that old Virginia race alike distinguished for unaffected piety, probity and hardy perseverance, she raised her son George in persistent habits of industry and religion. On the latter attaining his fifteenth year, he was desirous of entering the royal navy; but in this she steadfastly opposed him,

telling him it was his duty to pass his life among his compatriots, with them to strive to effect a change for the better in the condition of his country and to devote to its service all the energy and ability with which he had been endowed at the hand of God. The relinquishment of this project, hastened perhaps, the independence of America, by preserving for her mighty struggle, the great man whose destiny it was to effect it. Once an English officer, Washington would doubtless have hesitated longer: vacillating between his military oath and his patriotism, it would have been no easy matter for him to raise his arm against England and he would consequently have inspired his compatriots with less confidence in their cause. This statement of facts is likewise made as a protest against the error into which certain biographers have fallen, who have repeatedly recorded that Washington's mother pertained to the royalist party, and that she made every endeavor to attach her son to its service. American historians have long since exposed this falsehood, fabri-

cated by such compilers as pay more attention to the dramatic effect of an incident than to its truth. George's mother, it is true, manifested much anxiety about the strife in which her son was engaged; she feared lest inequality of resources might admit of no compromise for the American cause; but she in no manner attempted to impede Washington in the performance of his duty. And how indeed was she capable of doing so, when her entire life had been spent in educating him to love it! She saw George place himself at the head of the revolutionists with an anxious heart, but with one which never faltered. Under his first reverses, no one saw her depressed, no one heard her complain. When the day of his triumph came, she preserved the same calm.

The English, masters of New Jersey, quite over-ran this province. Washington, who had pitched his camp upon the other side of the Delaware, said to his officers: "Our enemies have stretched their wings at ease too long; it is time that we should clip them."

And crossing the river he achieved a victory which saved the American Union. Intelligence of this was conveyed to his mother by a number of friends who hastened to congratulate her. She rejoiced with them over *the good fortune of the country;* and as eulogium upon eulogium in Washington's praise continued to flow in upon her,

"This is flattery, gentlemen," said she, growing suddenly serious: "George will recall to his mind, I hope, the lessons I have given him; he will not forget that he is simply a citizen of the Union whom God has been pleased to make more happy than his compatriots.

On being apprised of the capture of Cornwallis, she thought not of the glory of her son; she but exclaimed: "God be praised! our country is free, and we shall have peace!".

A rich marriage had made Washington one of the most opulent proprietors in the Union; often had he attempted to persuade his mother to live with him in his beautiful mansion at Mount Vernon; but she continued to reside in

Fredericksburg, managing a small farm, the only remains of her dowry.

At eighty-two years of age, she could still be seen to mount her horse every morning, pace around her fields and deliver her orders. Her income, though very limited, was administered with such economy as to enable her to aid many of the distressed. Never, during those years of trial did a fellow-citizen ruined by the war, appeal to her generosity in vain; she was in the habit of saying: "Charity always finds something in a purse which has'nt a hole in it."

A cruel disease—cancer in the stomach—obliged her finally to keep the house; but even here she employed her mind in the management of her estate. Col. Fielding Lewis, her son-in-law, one morning proposed to relieve her of her charge.

"Thank you, Fielding!" was the reply, "I wish you would put my books in order for me, but for the rest—I will myself look to it."

Near seven years passed away without a
't from her son George, who was entirely

engrossed by the war. At length, when the combined forces of the allies fell back from New York, Washington was enabled to take the route by Fredericksburg. A courier was dispatched in advance of him to enquire of his mother how she would desire to receive him.

"Alone!" was the reply.

And the Commander-in-Chief of the American forces, the marshal of France, the liberator of his country, the hero of the age, approached, on foot, her house whom he regarded, to use his own words, "not simply as the author of his being but likewise of his fame."

Mrs. Washington received her son with heartfelt tenderness, but she did not speak to him of the glory with which he had covered himself. All that he had accomplished seemed to her natural enough.

"I have educated him in virtue, his glory is but the consequence."

She spoke to him of his old friends, addressing him all the while by the name of his

childhood, and never once sought to acquaint herself with the honors which were showered upon him from every quarter of the country as the preserver of the Union. Yet, upon being requested to attend a ball given by his compatriots, in honor of the conquerer of Cornwallis, she accepted.

"My dancing days are long since past," said she, "but I shall be happy to take part in the public joy."

The French officers who formed a portion of the liberating army were very impatient to see this extraordinary woman. She made her appearance when the ball was half over, habited in the antiquated costume of the Virginians. Leaning upon the arm of Washington, she received the compliments of the entire assembly with remarkable sweetness. After making several turns in the hall, she withdrew. The French were amazed at a bearing and a simplicity which raised her, if this were possible, to a dignity superior to her station. Looking upon her as she left the room

with Washington, one of them exclaimed: "Such mothers can alone rear such children."

Before returning to Europe, Lafayette repaired to Fredericksburg to see the mother of his general. "Under the guidance of one of Mrs. Washington's grandsons," says an American biographer, "he approached the house, when the young man exclaimed: 'See! there is Grandma!'" Whereupon the Marquis de Lafayette perceived the mother of his noble friend engaged in weeding her garden.

The Marquis spoke of the happy effects of the revolution, of the glorious future which lay before regenerated America, at the same moment paying a tribute of friendship and admiration to the character of Washington; but to all the eulogies passed upon the latter, his mother simply replied by saying that "she was not surprised at what George had accomplished, for she had ever known him to be *truly good!*" Thus this unaffected soul fully understood that every great deed springs from the heart.

Lafayette did not take leave of Mrs. Wash-

ington until he had received her blessing which he besought from her as he would have done from his own mother.

When Washington had been chosen president of the new Republic, he went to see his mother.

"The people," said he, "have called me to the office of the chief magistracy of the United States, and I come to take leave of you; at the expiration of the term of my official duties, you will see me return to Virginia."

"You will never see me again," replied his mother; "but go, dear George, accomplish thy destiny, and may the grace of Heaven never forsake you!"

Upon these words she folded him in her arms; the president lingered for many minutes with forehead pressed against the shoulder of his aged parent, whose trembling hands caressed his head; many tears had mingled before he could tear himself from this last embrace; it remained for his heroic mother first to regain her composure and send him away, smiling amid her grief.

Yet she was not deceived in her presentiment; she died shortly after this interview at the advanced age of eighty-five years.

"In her last days," writes an American biographer, "Mrs. Washington often spoke of her *good George*, never of the illustrious general. Her last sigh was breathed forth in commending to the care of God, her son and her country."

The stoical firmness of this remarkable woman had always been tempered with piety; in her faith she found an inexhaustable spring of consolations, and that tender courage which made her a *Spartan Christian*. Every day she withdrew to the solitude of the groves, and there in the presence of creation, held, to use her own words, "an interview" with God, from which she would return with a soul more calm and more established.

Hard Work.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EMILE SOUVESTRE.

FROM among the various characters I have chanced to meet with in life, none so happily combined gaiety with common sense, as uncle James. He was a man grown while I was but a little boy, yet, whenever I think of the friends of my younger days, it is ever to him my memory recurs with most pleasure.

Uncle James was at once a counsellor and protector, a teacher, and a sharer in my games, and for that he had so studied life as to act the part of a man amongst men, he more readily condescended to join in our childish amusements. Ah! how many glorious races have we had together; what strolls into the woods after wild flowers; what visits to the neighboring cottages; what earnest conversations from which I gathered, at once, amusement

and instruction! * * * * * But these years of happiness fled too swiftly by; my uncle embarked for America, and I had reached manhood when I welcomed him home again. Alas! toil and age had completely changed him; his body was bent, his spirit enfeebled, and a second childhood was too evidently stealing over him!

How often, in this period of his life have I bent over uncle James, my arms about him in the vain endeavor to remind him of the sports we had formerly shared!

How often have I felt with a sore heart, his eye now soulless and dead, resting upon me, while he amused himself by clapping his hands and singing in a shrill voice, a verse of the psalms! * * * * But he is dead — my uncle James! — these hands have closed his eyes while daughter and grand-daughter, kneeling beside the couch, wept aloud! We have seen his remains entrusted to the silent vault!

I did not intend to be sad, but how could I look behind me without the eye encountering

some painful memento! — the past! is it not strewn with affections betrayed, lost joys — blighted leaves marking our entire journey? I have shed a tear for his heart; it behooved that it should fall; my soul is relieved and I can be joyous again.

In that good old time in which uncle frequently joined brother and myself at play, he undertook one morning to tie us together by the hands. It was a project more easily conceived than executed, for we were as lively as larks, and nimble as hares in the race — knowing this, we both laughed aloud at his challenge. Away we sped; and he after us, but we led him such a dance through house and garden that he had no time to repent of having undertaken so difficult a task. Yet wishing to prove that with perseverence one can accomplish anything, he continued to follow us and even managed by his address to seize hold of me.

This victory rather augmented than otherwise the difficulties of his situation; for besides that it remained for him to master my brother, whose ardor was in no degree abated, he had

to pull me along after him, and you can readily believe I neglected no stratagem to make his continued hold of me no easy matter. I fastened myself to the doors, clung to the furniture and hung my whole weight about his neck, or obliged him to drag me along the floors.

In spite of all these obstacles uncle managed to seize brother; but while he was intent on securing his new captive, I let myself down, and leaving in his hand the coat by which he detained me, bounded toward the garden with loud shouts of laughter — thus he effected nothing but an exchange of prisoners.

The pursuit recommenced; chairs were overturned, tables thrust aside, and doors opened and slammed to with pretty good will, and to heighten the fun I remained so far victor and freeman. But, oh! how my heart beat; I thought it would burst my chest, it beat so! My knees, too, knocked together, I was so tired; I could scarcely breathe; it was clear the game would be up with me in a short time.

Suddenly I chanced to remember that the

little stair-way just at my feet, led to a cellar opening upon the yard. Entering by one gate and going out from the other, I could change the whole character of the pursuit, and force uncle to go around the entire building. I ran as quickly as I could towards the cellar, sure of baffling him in his plans; but if I was more than a match for uncle as regards agility he excelled me in forethought; and in life a prudent head is worth a dozen pair of light heels. When I attempted to pass from the cellar into the yard, I discovered that uncle had taken the precaution to lock the door; I turned to sneak back again, but it was too late—there at the top of the stair-way was uncle James pulling his captive along after him—thus I was forced to re-descend. Enclosed within a space without outlet, an escape was impracticable; I was soon seized, tied to my elder brother and formed part of a triumphal procession through the house.

Our conqueror, though exhausted with fatigue and covered with perspiration, soon recovered his breath; he unbound us forthwith, and seating one of us upon each of his knees:

"My children," said he, embracing us, "in this world of ours everything has a meaning, and there is no action from which one can fail to draw some moral. Our hour's fun has furnished you with two lessons which it would be well for you not to forget: the first is, that no one should undertake a task without making an estimate of his strength, as I have done but a moment ago; the second, that prudence alone will make us successful, and that *we ought never to calculate upon a door that is fastened.*"

Since that day I have often found myself surrounded by numberless dangers; many a time have I been obliged to form resolutions upon which depended the happiness or the repose of my life, and always have I recalled the good advice of my uncle James; and when first ideas hurried me away, when prudence was about to forsake me, I seemed to hear suddenly a voice, grave and sweet, which whispered softly in my ear: "*Never calculate upon a door that is fastened.*"

Chateaubriand.

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

From the French of Emile Souvestre.

THE life of Chateaubriand, as related by biographers, is confined chiefly within the circle of a few uninteresting events principally referred to as calculated to establish the fact of literary success. It is only since the publication of the "Memoires d' outre-tombe," given to the world after this great writer's death, that the incidents of a life replete with energy, feeling and impulse, have been fully bequeathed to us.

Francois-Rene Chateaubriand was born at Saint-Malo, in a house situated upon "rue des Juifs," which is now used as an inn. He was entrusted to a nurse in the village of Plancouet, who, remarking how weak-

ly and delicate he was, vowed him to Our Lady of Nazareth, with the promise to clothe him in her honor in white and blue until he should have attained his seventh year.

Returning to his father's house, he soon discovered it to be one of those silent and gloomy homes that an excessive authority devolved upon the head of the family, had multiplied among our ancient provincial noblesse. The household comprised an elder brother and four sisters, besides Mr. and Madame Chateaubriand. The father of our author had for many years dwelt upon these isles, whither he had come to seek his fortune. Solely engaged in re-establishing the renown of his name, he became the purchaser of Combourg Estate, the old family seat, and had retired thither to pass the remainder of his life after the fashion of a lord of mediæval times. "Penurious in the hope of rëinstating his family in their former glory, overbearing in The Estates of Brittany towards the gentry, severe to his vassals at Combourg, taciturn, despotic and harsh in his family relationships, the only feeling one ex-

perienced upon meeting him was that of dread." Madame Chateaubriand, a lady of wit, literary taste, full of spasmodic petulance and devoted to society, was, as it were, stifled in the cold atmosphere of her husband. "Obliged to keep silence when she wanted to talk, she revenged herself by assuming a kind of speaking sadness, finding vent from time to time in sighs."

Resigned, as is customary to the care of domestics, and allowed by the latter to run the streets, René Chateaubriand spent the first years of his life in the society of the blackguards of Saint-Malo or Combourg, sometimes beating, more frequently beaten by them, but always in a ragged suit, without a shoe to his feet, and presenting altogether a decidedly squalid appearance. His tutor and constant companion was Gesril, that odd genius, who renewed at Quiberon the heroism of Regulus. When, after the capitulation of the royalist army, the English vessels kept up the bombardment, Gesril who had surrendered the place to the republicans, swam out to the

squadron to make them cease firing according to the terms of the capitulation. They threw him a rope and besought him to come aboard. "'Tis impossible!" replied he, "I am a prisoner upon parole;" and he swam to land again to allow himself to be shot.

M. de Chateaubriand designing his son for the royal navy, sent him to the college of Dol, that he might acquaint himself with mathematics. The young student made rapid progress, but from that hour the spirit of Breton independence, inflexibility and self direction, began to display itself in his character; a spirit which in after life never wholly forsook him. Having fallen beneath the penalty of the whip for some offence of which he had been guilty, throwing himself first at the Abbe Le Prince's feet, and besought him to spare him this humiliation and transmute his punishment; but on the Abbe's refusing and approaching the child, birch in hand, the latter offered a desperate resistance, returning blow for blow, and inciting himself to the combat by the recital of Virgil's verse: ***Macte animo, generose puer!***

The discomfitted Abbe was obliged to come to an agreement.

From the College of Dol, Chateaubriand passed to that of Rennés, where he was again thrown with his old companion Gesril, the Morlaisien Moreau, the predestined heir of great military renown unhappily sullied by treachery. A little later at Dinan College, he fell in with Broussais, a compatriot, whose medical views were to render him well known to posterity, and who, while bathing with him, "was bitten by ungrateful leeches who could not forsee the future."

But before this last encounter, Chateaubriand appeared in Brést to enter the school of the guards of the pavilion. Soon out of conceit of this, and yielding to that fickle humor which was one of the misfortunes of his character, he returned to Combourg, where he led what might be considered for him, a thoughtful and retired life, which seemingly trained the genius destined to be the author of René. The *Memoires d' outre-tombe* contain an admirable picture of such untutored youth as has

freely surrendered its powers unto every phantasy of isolation, and the warm enthusiasm of an imagination which has but just awakened to the perception of its influence. The monotonous regularity which reigned supreme over the customs of the chateau, is, in this sketch, in strange and striking contrast with the fluctuating aspirations of a young man's heart. After recounting his bold wanderings in the woods, his reveries upon the heaths and his fits of abstraction by the sea shore, our author transports us again to the domestic hearth, which the disposition of its old master had made little better than a sepulchre. "Supper over," writes he—"mother would throw herself with a sigh upon an old lounge whose covering was of coarse red cotton cloth; they placed near her a table, circular in form, with one candle; I would seat myself near the fire with Lucile. The servants upon removing the things, withdrew. My father now began his walk which he kept up till bed time. He was habited in a gown of white woolen material—or rather in a kind of cloak; I have never seen one like it.

His head, partially bald, was concealed beneath a large white cap which did not deviate a hair's breadth from a perpendicular. When, during his walk, he would wander off at some distance from the fire-place, the large parlor was so faintly lighted up by the one candle that we could no longer see him; his measured tread, awakening the echoes in the darkness was the only sound to be heard; after a while he would slowly return towards the light and emerge by degrees from amid the gloom like a spectre, with white gown, white cap, and features lank and pallid. Lucile and I, from time to time, would exchange a word or two when he was at the other end of the hall; we were silent as he approached us. In passing by he would say, 'what are you talking about?' Seized with terror we answered: 'Nothing sir!' whereupon he would continue his walk. For the remainder of the evening, no sound struck upon the ear, save the reverberation of his step, the sighs of my mother and the hollow murmurs of the wind."

This uninterrupted restraint, in union with the sorrows of youth and solitude, possessed Chateaubriand with the idea of committing suicide. He attempted to take his life; a fortunate accident prevented the gun from going off.

A tedious illness resulted from these repressed longings. His parents intended our poet for holy orders; he undisguisedly avowed his disinclination; whereupon his father procured him a sub-lieutenancy in a Navarre regiment, and he departed forthwith for Cambray.

He passed through Paris where resided his brother and one of his sisters, the Countess de Farcy. The account he vouchsafes us of the impression a first view of the great city made upon him, recalls forcibly the pages Jean-Jacques Rousseau wrote upon a similar occasion; it is enlivened simply by two portraits; the one of Moreau, a cousin, the other of Madame de Chastenay; the first is in the style of Callot, the second a ravishing sketch from the pencil of Lancret.

Chateaubriand did not remain long with his

regiment; his father's death recalled him to Brittany, whence he was soon drawn by his elder brother who was desirous of presenting him at court.

This was a cruel trial for our young sub-lieutenant. Requested to accompany the king to the chase, he put spurs to his horse and arrived before his Majesty at the striking of the buck, a grave mistake—which was, however, overlooked. But every solicitation of his brother to attract him again to Versailles was of none effect.

"More than once did I approach Sevres," writes he, "when my heart failed me and I turned back again. Nothing resulted from my sojourn in Paris save that through indomitable intrigue and wearying care I was honored by the publication of an idyl in the *Muses' Almanac.*"

This taste for literature introduced him to the notice of some of the distinguished characters of the day. He lived upon terms of intimacy with Delisle, de Sales, Champfort, Flins, Ginguene, Lebrun;. but his confident was M.

de Malesherbes, who later in life, was destined to decide him in reference to that trip to America which was productive of such noble inspirations.

He revisited Brittany several times during the years 1787 and 1788, and found himself involved in the disputes which arose in the estates between the noblesse and *bourgeoise*. He returned to Paris in time to witness the storming of the Bastile, the murder of Foulon and de Berthier, and the memorable 5th of October. He dined with Mirabeau, who entertained him solely with "*ses affaires de cœur*," and got a glimpse of Robespierre at the Assemble Nationale. Now was it that his conversations with M. de Malesherbes fixed him in his determination to leave France for the purpose of discovering the north-west passage of America. He embarked with all the ready money he could gather together and a letter of recommendation to Washington.

A short stay that Chateaubriand made at Isle Saint-Pierre de Miquelon, has been the means of furnishing us with a charming epi-

sode—that of the barge-woman who, while awaiting the coming of William, her lover, gathers *thé naturel* from the headlands.

Chateaubriand visited Baltimore and Philadelphia; in the latter city he dined in company with General Washington. The parallel he has instituted between the founder of American Independence and Napoleon, possesses that solemn grandeur and good austere judgment which seems to have flowed from the quality of his genius.

"Washington," said he, "embodied in one person the wants, ideas, intelligence, opinions of his epoch; he seconded instead of resisting the march of mind. He longed for that which he should have longed for—the life to which he was predestined. This accounts for the perpetuity of his work. This man who created little sensation for the reason that he possessed his faculties in such just equipoise, has identified his existence with that of his country; his glory is the heritage of civilization, while his renown towers above earth like one of those public sanctuaries whence

ever issues as from a hidden source a stream at once fertilizing and incorruptible."

Chauteaubriand visited in turn New York and Boston. In the latter city he hastened to acquaint himself with everything which could possibly be of service to him and forward, with some chance of ultimate success, his search for the North Passage. He soon discovered he would be obliged to study the language of the redskins, be acclimated and become familiarized with the ways of the trappers and hunters. He began, in consequence his wanderings by the banks of the Niagara.

This portion of the *Memoires d'outre-tombe*, contains splendid descriptions, poetic imagery and anecdotes, some of which recall Sterne, though more highly colored and of greater amplitude than the productions of the latter's pen. In a forest not far removed from the Mohawk, Chateaubriand chanced upon a diminutive Frenchman, with hair powdered and curled, coat of pea green, drugget-vest, collar and ruffles of muslin, who was teaching the Iroquois tribe the *Madelon Friquet* dance. M. Violet

was the Indians' dancing master! Speaking of them he would say—"*ces messieurs sauvages et ces dames sauvagesses.*" Pressing his small violin against his chin and breast he would shout to the Iroquois: "*A vos places!*" Whereupon the whole troop would start to their feet like a band of demons.

Having visited the lake of the Onondagas, Genesee river, and the mighty cataract, where he broke his arm, Chateaubriand stayed his steps upon the banks of the Ohio, on hearing of the arrest of Louis XVIth at Varennes and decided upon returning immediately to France, which country he finally reached after suffering shipwreck. He rejoined his mother at Saint Malo, where he espoused Mademoiselle de Lavigné. A maternal uncle of the latter, M. de Vauvert, a warm democrat, challenged the validity of this marriage solemnized, without his consent, by a priest to whom the oath had never been administered—the young lady being as yet a minor. Chateaubriand was prosecuted for abduction and violation of the

law; the court however, decided the union legitimate.

Thus declared legally married, he made preparations to rejoin, unaccompanied, the army of exiles. Passing through Paris, he formed the acquaintance of the Abbe Barthelemy, who wrote *The Voyage of Anacharsis*, as likewise that of Saint Ange, Ovid's translator, a versifier of unquestionable talents, but "who," writes the author of the "*Memoires d' outre-tombe*,"—"strove to keep himself above the level of a brute and failed in the attempt." He saw likewise, Marat, Danton, Camille, Desmoulins and Fabre d'Eglantine.

Meanwhile he had succeeded in borrowing the sum of two thousand francs to enable him to leave France; enticed by a companion into a gambling saloon, he passed from the house despoiled of everything save fifteen hundred francs laid by in a portfolio which he had carelessly left upon the seat of a carriage. After two days enquiry, he recovered the latter from a priest in whose hands it had been placed by the person who had taken it; finally upon the fifteenth of

July he departed for Lille from which place he proceeded to rejoin the Princes' army, then stationed at Treves.

At first they were unwilling to receive him. They insisted that he had come at too late an hour—that the cause was now victorious! The army of the revolution was about to desert *en masse;* before the expiration of a month, the exiles would re-enter Paris; at length, however, at the solicitation of his cousin Armand he was permitted to share in the triumph which was assured to the *noblesse!*

The army of exiles commanded by the Prince de Condé was composed of gentlemen of every age, condition and province, who served in the ranks as common soldiers. The veteran officers of the navy found places in the cavalry; the young men from among the people who had followed the *noblesse* into exile, formed a separate corps and wore a distinct uniform. "These men, attached to the same cause," writes Chateaubriand, "and exposed to like perils, perpetuated inequalities of position by most invidious distinctions: the true

heroes were the plebeian soldiery, for no personal interest influenced these in their sacrifice."

The army was indeed but poorly equipped; the author of the *Memoires d'outre-tombe* passed through an entire campaign "with a gun whose hammer could not be induced to descend."

The siege of Thionville was a failure; the royalist army only entered Verdun to be forced in turn to leave it. This discouragement weighed heavily upon every heart; disease decimated the ranks; finally it became necessary to disperse. Chateaubriand wished to reach Ostend whence he thought to leave for Jersey to rejoin the royalists of Brittany. Already wounded in the thigh and wasted with fever, he was now attacked by confluent smallpox, breaking out and disappearing by times according to the temperature of the atmosphere. It was in this condition that he started upon a journey of two thousand leagues upon foot with but eighteen francs in his possession.

Profiting by the country-wagons and sleeping

over nights in barns by the wayside, he managed to reach Flamizoul and Bellevue; here his disease increased in virulence and he lay in a trench in a dying condition. The teamsters to the Prince de Ligne raising him from the ground and placing him under cover, brought him to Namur. Laid down at the town-gate the soldiers on guard shared their black loaf with the sufferer and made him drink some peppered brandy. So prostrated was he that in walking the streets of the city, he was obliged to keep himself from falling by leaning from time to time against the houses. Women moved with pity, would descend from the door-steps and lend him their arm to enable him to walk. "He is wounded," said some; "He has the small-pox," exclaimed others; and catching up their children, they would hastily disappear. They expressed the wish to have him sent to a hospital, but refusing this offer of rest he climbed again into the wagons which now set him down at Brussels. All the hotel keepers refused to receive him. "My locks," writes he, "hung over a face entirely conceal-

ed beneath a beard and moustache; my thigh was plastered over with a mixture of mud and straw; over my uniform, a terribly tattered one—I wore a woolen covering, similar to those so common in Namur, fastened about my neck after the manner of a cloak. The beggar in the Odyssey was more impudent, but was not so poor as I."

He at length discovered his brother, the Comte de Chateaubriand, who procured him lodgings and sent for a physician; he would not wait, however, to be cured. Embarking in a small vessel at Ostend with others, companions in misfortune, they slept at the bottom of the boat upon the shingles with which they had stored her for the purpose of ballast. Upon reaching Guernesy he was supposed to be at his last gasp. The captain had him placed upon the wharf; there he sat in the broiling sun with back supported by the wall and face turned towards the open sea. An English pilot's wife, chancing to pass that way, took mercy on him and had him conveyed to her own house where she lavished most unremit-

ting and considerate care upon him. "The next day," writes he, "they took me aboard again. My hostess was moved to tears almost, in being forced to part with her patient. Women have a celestial sympathy for such as misfortune has stricken. My fair and beautiful guardian, in figure resembling one of those old English prints, pressed my swollen and sun-burnt hands between her own fresh and delicate fingers; I was ashamed to bring so great deformity in proximity to so much beauty."

He landed finally at Jersey where resided Bedee, an uncle of his, who welcomed and entertained him. But poverty pursued him even here. Chateaubriand not wishing to hang like a weight about the necks of an exiled family, set out while but partially recovered, for London, with thirty louis which had been sent him from Brittany by his family.

He there found a colony of emigrants that subsisted as it could by making dresses, selling coal, and teaching the French language of which it was itself ignorant. Pelletier, one of

the principal editors of the *Acts of the Apostles*, drew some translations from the pen of Chateaubriand and procured a publisher for "*The Historical Essay*," the idea of which he had long revolved in his mind. But these resources were insufficient and of a transitory character. He lodged with Hingant, an old councillor of the Parliament of Brittany, now as destitute as himself. In vain was it they reduced their expenses and repressed their half satisfied hunger! the last shilling disappeared.

Chateaubriand, who wrote these reminiscences in 1822, in London, where he then resided in the capacity of embassador, informs us that they managed to keep life within them five entire days by drinking warm water with sugar in it, and sharing with each other a two sou loaf of bread. "Hunger gnawed at my bowels; I had a burning fever; sleep fled my eyes; I sucked some scraps of linen that I had soaked in water; I chewed grass and paper. Whenever I passed a baker's shop, my torment was horrible. One stormy winter's evening I stood two hours in front of a store where dried

fruits and cured beef were exposed for sale, devouring with my eyes all that I saw; I could have annihilated not the eatables merely, but the very boxes, stands and baskets which held them." The morning of the fifth day, on returning half dead from emptiness, he found Hingant in a delirium and bleeding profusely from a wound in the breast which he had inflicted upon himself with his penknife. Up to this period he had refused that alms which the government bestowed upon the French emigrants. Yielding finally to necessity he addressed a note to M. de Barentin. Hingant's parents, upon being advised of his alarming situation, hastened to him with all speed, and nearly at the same moment forty crowns reached them from Brittany. The exile gazed upon them as though he were looking upon the wealth of Peru.

He now resumed his labors on the Historical Essay in a small garret which looked out upon a cemetery, where he was soon joined by his cousin Le Bouetardais. "Le Bouetardais was, as was Hingant, councillor to the

parliament of Brittany. He owned not so much as a handkerchief wherein to envelope his head; but he did not fly the country despoiled of arms and accoutrements; to speak more intelligibly, he had brought along with him his four cornered cap and scarlet robe, and slept beneath the *purple* at my side. A witty fellow, a good musician, with a beautiful voice, when he could'nt sleep, there he would sit upon his cross-bedstead, entirely nude, with his four cornered hat on, and sing some romance or other accompanying himself meanwhile upon a guitar which had but three strings."

The light-heartedness of the exiles received nourishment from their imagination. "Every victory of the Republicans," writes Chateaubriand "was transformed by this false interpreter into a defeat, and if perchance, any one would suggest a doubt of an immediate restoration, he was declared forthwith to be a Jacobin. Two venerable bishops already upon the verge of the grave were walking side by side in the early spring in St. James' Park :—

'My Lord,' remarked the one, 'do you think we shall be in France by June?' 'Why, my Lord,' the other replied, 'Having thought over the matter, I see nothing to prevent it!'"

On his return to France, where the exiles commenced by degrees to rëappear under assumed names, awaiting the erasure of their own from the list of the proscribed, Chateaubriand became intimate with MM. de Fontanes, de Bouald, Mole, Chenedolle, Pasquier, Joubert, and Madame de Beaumont, daughter to the Compte de Montmorien. *Atala* came from the press and, in spite of harsh criticisms, produced a profound sensation. The *Genius of Christianity* which appeared the year following, placed its author definitely in the first rank of literary characters.

Bonaparte, at that time, first Consul, desired to see him, and conferred upon him the office of Secretary to the embassy at Rome. He found the plains of Lombardy occupied by the French army which had established itself in the country without a struggle, "We are peculiar enemies," writes he upon this occa-

sion; "they found us at first, perhaps, a little too gay and turbulent; but we had no sooner left them than they wished us back again. Active, lively, intelligent, the French soldier shares the labors of the household with whom he is thrown; like Moses for the daughters of Madian, he draws water from the well; plays shepherd and leads the lambs to the stream, splits the wood, makes the fire, watches the kettle, carries the baby in his arms or rocks the cradle until he sleeps. This easy good humor and activity act like a spell upon those by whom he is surrounded; they begin to look upon him as a conscript of the family. Does the drum beat? he who has been quartered upon them against their will seizes his musket, leaves the daughters of his host sobbing at the door, and forsakes the cover of a roof which he will never think of again, unless he be carried to the Invalides."

It was at Rome that M. de Chateaubriand had the misfortune to witness the death of Madame de Beaumont; his sister Lucy died shortly afterwards.

On his return to Paris, receiving the appointment of minister of France to le Valais, he was preparing to enter upon his duties, when he was apprised of the death of the Duc d'Enghien who was shot in the trenches of Vincennes. He immediately sent in his resignation. Thus consigned to private life, Chateaubriand made several excursions in Auvergne, to Mount Blanc, and Lyons, where he became intimate with Ballanche; at length he started upon that voyage in the Levant from which resulted a sketch of a "*trip from Paris to Jerusalem.*" Again returning to France he become Editor of the Mercury which he saw suppressed for the publication of an article supposed to contain some allusions to the state of the country. Now it was, in 1817, he purchased a secluded spot in the valley of Loup to which he withdrew to devote himself to "*The Martyrs.*" This work appeared in 1809 and was coldly received. Meanwhile the death of Joseph Chenier left a chair vacant in the French Academy. Chateaubriand made application and was named to the position; but the discourse he

was to deliver on the day of his reception, displeased Napoleon who suppressed it.

The Restoration brought those secret persecutions to a close of which Chateaubriand had been the unobscured object. His political career opened with the publication of a pamphlet entitled: *Bonaparte and the Bourbons.* Obliged to flee during the Hundred Days, he followed Louis XVIII, to Gand, who named him minister of the Interior in the interim. "My correspondence with the departments," writes the author of *The Martyrs*, "did not engross much of my time; I dispatched readily in the same day, that with the prefects, subprefects, mayors and deputies of our good frontier towns; I repaired but few roads and permitted belfries to crumble and fall."

On the second Restoration, Chateaubriand was first named embassador to Vienna, afterwards to London. Sent in the capacity of plenipotentiary to the Congress of Vienna, and made minister upon his return, he induced the expedition against Spain. Shortly after this he retired to the walks of private life and re-

moved to Neufchatel, Switzerland. Some political pamphlets, several articles in the *Conservateur* and the *Journal des Debats*, with those speeches which he delivered before the Chamber of Peers, particularly engaged him during this period of his life. Member of the club organized for the purpose of furthering the Grecian insurrection, he strove in every conceivable manner to sustain this patriotic cause. At a somewhat later period he went as embassador to Rome; a change of Ministry obliged him to hand in his resignation.

Upon the revolution of July, he threw up his preferments, left the Chamber of Peers and returned to private life.

The Conscript.

FROM THE FRENCH OF EMILE SOUVESTRE.

YON MARKER is returning from the principal parish town with a light heart, for he has drawn a fortunate number from the hat. Ivon Marker will not leave his home with the regiment. God, the dispenser of destiny, has taken pity upon him. Ivon's father is feeble and bent with age; his brother Joan is yet too young to labor and sister Bellah has to direct the infant steps of little Jannik. God did not wish to leave to their mother, the entire burden of farm and family; here are two sinewy arms which will assist her, and a stout heart to give her courage. God has had compassion upon these honest people.

Thus mused the lad as he followed the path which lay along the cultivated grounds;

but the happy result of the draft had been unable to dispel, entirely, the cloud from his brow; the day's joy had not sufficed to make him forget the morning's anxiety and the cares of the morrow.

Passing near his father's fields, Ivon paused awhile, almost unconsciously, to gaze upon the sparsely scattered ears of corn, whose meagreness reproached an impoverished soil, that, from want of hands to cultivate it, had been invaded by the tare, the wild turnip and the rope-weed. A little further on, reaching a small meadow which furnished their fodder, he was struck with the incroachments of the reed grass; yet further on, he remarked that the apple trees in the orchard were laden with dead boughs, the parisitical mistletoe and the whitish lichen. On all sides, sickness or poverty had engendered negligence, and the latter had been productive of sterility.

Meanwhile the family expenses increased proportionately. Already had the miller dunned them for something due on the account of former grindings; the last plough share had

not been settled for with the smith, and the harness of their half-starved horse, hung in shreds upon his back. Often was the mother obliged to labor on until the midnight hour, and rise again before the dawn; whilst Ivon fairly watered the grains with the sweat of his brow as he strewed them over the land—such a start had want got of their courage.

These reflections mingled bitterness with his happiness and forbade him to linger by the way.

"Of what advantage is it to me," moaned he to himself, "to be allowed to remain in my country, if I am unable to rescue from distress that dear being who brought me into the world; better were it to resign for her sake a little comfort, than to be in the possession of my own fancies! but God distributes situations agreeably to his wisdom and foreknowledge; upon some He has bestowed riches, others He has allowed to labor for their subsistence, yet blessed be his holy name, since He has at least accorded to all the privilege of loving Him."

And Marker with a resignation not undis-

turbed by a sigh, resumed his walk across the untilled grounds where grazed the cattle of the parish.

But hark! upon suddenly turning a clump of hazel trees, he becomes conscious of sighs and groans interchanged from time to time with the responses of a voice seemingly striving to console. On drawing nearer, he recognizes neighbor Maharitte, one of his parents' friends, while, standing a little apart, is Perr Abgrall, the miller's son, who, with a dejected air, leans upon his staff.

Not so fortunate as Ivon, the latter has been drafted for the service and is crushed to the earth by his misfortune.

Marker softly approaching him, strove to mingle consolations with the rest of the good people who encircled the lad; but Perr interrupted him with a bitterness of spirit that wounded his feelings.

"Easy is it for such as have escaped ruin to preach up courage to others," exclaims he; "the King has not robbed Ivon of the seven best years of his life; he will remain within

sound of the parish bells, while we shall be driven off to the tap of the drum !"

"You are right, my poor friend !" replied the youth ; "in this respect my fate is better than your own ; and think not that I am ungrateful for it. If I speak to you of patience, it is because there is in no wise a better staff for such to lean upon as fortune has bent ?— the experience of a life-time has taught me this."

"He's a soft-spoken chap, is he not ?" answered Abgrall with a sneer, whom the gentleness of his companion had failed to subdue ; "I should like to know what you have to exercise your patience upon ?"

"I am in need of that which you possess ! rejoined Marker, but without anger. Oh ! that I could but rescue my parents from want ! would I were possessed of a sum sufficient to ensure comfort, to her who has given me life ! Believe me, neighbor, each one knows best the weight of the cross he bears upon his own shoulder."

"As things stand, I would willingly ex-

change lots with you," replied Abgrall in a more kindly tone, yet with a gesture of dispair.

"That could be effected," interrupted Maharitte's uncle, who, up to this point in the debate, had preserved a profound silence.

The two lads at the same moment raising their eyes from the ground, bent them upon the old man in nervous expectation.

"Suppose that either's fortune had turned out differently from what it has," continued he, "Perr would at this moment be in the situation of Ivon; what prevents you from effecting that after the draft, which chance could have accomplished before it?"

"Do you mean that Marker shall go to the wars in my place?" enquired the young miller with a hopeful countenance.

"And who will bear the burden of the household in my stead?" demanded Ivon.

"As to that," replied the uncle with the precautionary tardiness of a countryman bent upon striking a bargain, "that must be settled in the spirit of kindness and consideration; we

would not ask you to do anything it would be wrong for you to do."

"In other words, you wish to buy me?" rejoined Marker, slightly coloring at a proposition which placed him upon a level with young men either of most abject circumstances, or of despicable character."

"When one desires to buy, one names a price, and I have offered nothing," replied the peasant; "but you are by nature such a brave fellow that it would be easy for you to do that from a gallant spirit, which others seek from an evil conscience; to turn soldier is not such a bad thing after all!"

"That is true, father Salaun!" replied Ivon, suddenly becoming thoughtful; "you have furnished me with an idea which would not have struck me. In beholding before my eyes those whom I love, in positive want, never would the thought of leaving them have entered my breast! rather the contrary; yet if my absence can procure them repose and comfort, I shall not refuse your offer from cowardice or a sense of false shame."

"Well, I will wait, upon you presently and sure I am that we can arrange it," said the old peasant; "stay a moment until I send the women away and I will be with you again."

Turning towards Maharitte, whom sisters and mothers in vain strove to console, he spoke to them in a subdued voice to such purpose that they immediately arose and retook the path to their cottage; upon which rejoining Ivon and the young miller, the three turned their faces towards the farm.

The old man ceased not his attempts to influence Marker by playing adroitly upon the destitution of his family. He had no difficulty in proving that, in spite of his efforts to the contrary, their poverty was rapidly tending towards extreme want and could not be prevented from falling to it at last. The sober reflections of the youth had led him to the same conclusion, and the idea so suddenly suggested by his companion, had revealed to his gaze a course altogether new, unto which, with the desperation of a fevered brain, he precipitately committed himself.

Like all generous hearts, he had impetuously offered up himself in sacrifice, and now that his resolution was formed, he did not desire to haggle over it; thus he hastened towards a compromise into which the old peasant did not intend to be drawn with other than a cautious tardiness.

Hearken! father Salaun! a word to the wise is sufficient," exclaims he, at the same moment staying his step; you have fired me with a scheme I should not have lit upon; but now that I have it, never more will I relinquish it! Waste not time in attempting to prove my parents are in need of many of those things which make age comfortable;—tell me, rather, what you and Abgrall are prepared to offer me in exchange for seven years of my life!

"Listen to the boy," cried the peasant slightly discomposed by this sudden gush of soul, though it flowed in the right direction; "we can better treat of such matters as these over a pot of cider! All I intended to say, was,

we would like some one to take Abgrall's place in the ranks."

"Then you have nothing to do personally with me?—'Tis well," said Marker, and he made a gesture as though about to leave them.

"Nay, nay! I did not say that!" replied Salaun, gently detaining him; "but before we can strike a bargain, we must learn what it is you would have us do for your parents."

"First, then," said Ivon, with that determined expression resolution can alone bestow, "I want a yoke of oxen for hauling and for ploughing."

"A yoke of oxen!" exclaimed the peasant, with well-affected surprise; "what are you dreaming of, boy! do you know that money must be had to buy them with?"

"Besides these, I require a three year old heifer," added Marker.

"And then?"

"You must give me a hundred crowns to enable me to employ two young men who can work the farm in my absence."

Salaun and the young miller opened their

eyes ; they strove to make it evident to Ivon that he demanded twice as much as he had a right to expect. The young man allowed them their say, and contented himself with replying that he would sell himself in the town by taking the place of the son of some wealthy burgher who would be but too glad to pay him, without debate, in red gold, whatever he thought proper to ask. After an argument which lasted several hours, the miller's family were obliged to accede to the conditions of Marker.

Nothing remained but to solicit his parents' blessing.

Should the contract become noised abroad, in addition to the dishonor which ever clung to these sales, he feared lest his mother could not be prevailed upon to accept an ease which had been bought with the liberty, perhaps the life-blood of her son ! Then, too, the mere thought that she had allowed him to make the sacrifice for her sake, would embitter her prosperity from its dawn, and visit her with remorse in the midst of her happiness.

The notary who was to legalize the agreement, and in whose friendly ear he had whispered his grief, took him aside and privately counselled him. The number which the young miller had drawn, had not been seen by any one, and could readily be exchanged for his own. As for the money—the price of his liberty—that the notary would pretend he had received in part payment of a legacy which had unexpectedly been bequeathed to the poor family.

All was in this manner arranged ; Abgrall and his friends promised to use discretion, and it remained but to break to the Markers the sad news which awaited them.

A terrible blow was it to all, but particularly to the distracted mother. During the few short days he could yet be near her, she had many moments of darkness and despair in the which Ivon was at a loss how to console her. He himself was withered at the heart on being obliged to take farewell of all whom he knew in the wide world, and every thing that he had loved ; but reflection upon the benefit which

would accrue to others from his sacrifice, sustained him amid his affliction.

The day of parting proved to be the sorest trial; while his father, feebler and paler than usual, held him in an embrace from which, for the life of him, he could not disengage himself, the mother rested her head upon his shoulder, wild with grief; his young sister and little brother weeping, mingled their tears with his own; the dog, even, regarded him with a painfully questioning look!

The summons for the conscripts sounded long and loud through the town; there was hurrying to and fro—the roll of the drum awakened from their dreams such as were loth to depart. One long, warm, last embrace, and Ivon, with the companions of his future, had addressed himself to his journey.

For a while, all went well; so long as the village spire could be seen darkly penciled against the horizon, or the same vegetation and the same landscape lay extended before them, they took heart; but insensibly vineyard succeeded to orchard, boundless plains to small

fields hemmed in by the prickly hedge, and houses, white and slated with red tile, replaced granite cottages with roofs of thatch. Now was it Marker comprehended that he had left his country, and realized that he was an exile!

The regiment reached, he was obliged to change the habits of a life-time; to divide his days between exercises without interest and leisure without an object. Thrown with companions who knew nothing of Brittany, and who could not understand his speech, Marker was consigned to an isolation that day by day became more irksome; ere long, that melancholy which he had shaken off, again enveloped him like an atmosphere, out of which it was impossible for him to come forth; everything lay heavy at his heart. This fever from absence which slowly consumed him, insensibly sapped his energies; the home-sickness every day increasing in intensity, at length consigned him to a hospital, where rest only seemed to augment it.

Everything combined in his repose to keep it up. Many months had elapsed without any

tidings having reached him from home. No one at the farm could write, and this ignorance separated the absent as absolutely as the dead.

Ivon's disease daily grew worse; life died visibly within him, like water which, drop by drop, takes leave of a half shattered vase. Phantom-like he would creep along the length of the infirmary yard, following with his eye some solitary bird as it crossed the heavens, or earnestly examining the small mosses scattered through the gaps of the rough hewn stones or covering the top of the dilapidated wall. Flowers, mosses and birds, reminded him of his native village! He could think of nothing else—everything transported him thither.

One evening he had taken a seat, sad and care-worn, upon one of the many benches in the yard, and his imagination, with more vividness than usual, had transported him to the old farm; he thought he saw the barren soil across which, whistling the while, he had driven his weary team—the little strip of meadow where sang the stream that further on turned the Abgralls' mill—the mist-enveloped

hills dotted with the speckled flocks and ringing with the shepherd's song. Such was the intensity of his thought, that memory portrayed a picture for him, so that he really saw at times all that affection had recalled, and his spirit was suspended between the world of hallucination and reality.

At this very moment the sound of a bagpipe was heard beyond the walls. Ivon started to consciousness. The performer played the very airs of his native town—those he had listened to an hundred times upon the extended green where the young men and the girls were accustomed to meet for the dance. The poor conscript, beside himself with excitement, rushed to the yard gate; it was locked! hastily entering the house, he flew along the passage to get a glimpse of the street from one of the windows. The street was quite deserted and the bagpipe no longer to be heard! He was already questioning himself whether or no he had been the sport of a dream, when one of the Sisters of Charity handed him a letter in-

scribed with his name. Marker begged the Sister to open and read it to him.

It was from the notary, and written in his parents' names, acquainting the young man with the great change effected in their condition by the pretended legacy. By means of this timely succor, they had been enabled to hire boys to drive the plough, to purchase a pair of oxen, to pay off everything they had owed; in fine, no wish would be unsatisfied save for Ivon's absence, to whom the mother could never refer without wiping away a tear.

By way of postscript the notary added upon his own part, many details upon the manner the secret had been kept inviolate; he touched delicately upon the happiness of his family, and the farmer's renewed energies "whose health," said he "is daily improving."

As Marker listened to this cheering news, his soul expanded with joy. When he had heard all, he placed the letter nearest his heart, but continually drawing it thence, would feast upon it with his eyes, as though he could see in the characters which covered it, the impress

of their comfort whom he had left in the village. An healthful change stole over him; it seemed to him as though those airs which but a moment before he had drank in with such avidity, were the voice of his country which the will of the Almighty had wafted to his ears, and that they whispered him of the joys of his home. Now at least he knew that his sacrifice had been accepted and felt that he was a thousand fold repaid!

This reflection proved a great stimulant to arouse him from his languor. His heart told him he should live to see, once again, those whom he had been the means of blessing, and that a welcome awaited him at the blazing hearth. His energies prostrated by melancholy, were in a moment renewed through the soul-infusing power of hope.

Now was it likewise, a great thought engaged his mind. The letter he had just received, fully apprised him of all that writing is capable of doing to alleviate the anguish of separation, and he immediately resolved to attend the school of the regiment.

For him, this was an arduous apprenticeship; the memory was intractable, the active faculties engaged with other and more interesting objects; yet, by sheer strength of will, he applied himself anew to the study of the alphabet and in a year's time could transmit his thoughts, by letter, to those from whom an ill fortune had dissevered him.

But he did not stop here; once devoted to study, he earnestly pursued it with the determination to acquaint himself with everything which could possibly advance his future. Thus divided between the occupation of the student and the duties of a soldier, time flew rapidly by. Marker, whom good conduct and diligent attention to orders had recommended more especially to notice, left the ranks of his company, to wield the axe of the pioneer. The years of his enlistment passed swiftly by, if not without regrets, at least without discouragement.

At last the hour of his deliverance was at hand; with a light step he retraced the road he had formerly trod with a heavy heart. In

proportion as he drew near home, he felt the difficulty of mastering his impatience; as, one by one, he passed the military stations upon his route, he in vain strove to repress the throbbing at his heart, on gazing once again upon the familiar fields of his boyhood, the hamlets whose every name was known to him. At length the roof whose cover he sought, could be seen at the end of the village; and now Marker was no longer master of himself; in a run he crossed the intervening space without once stopping to grasp the hand of such of his old friends as called him by name; he darted towards the farm! The children whom the strangeness of his beard and dress had frightened, fled precipitately on his approach; his young sister drew herself within the shadow of the wall with a feeling of mingled surprise and uneasiness, but the dog, instructed by his instinct, ran out to meet him, and his mother started to her feet at the sound of a voice she could never forget. When every one else was in doubt and suspense, she ran to the door,

held him in her arms and murmured in a faint tone—"Ivon!"

Nothing more asks she of God! All her children are again seated around the hearth!

But however dear the others may be, he who has come home again, will ever fill the place nearest her heart, for over him it is she has the oftenest wept, for him especially has she trembled, and this overflowing tenderness will be the unfailing recompense of his secret devotion.

Ohmacht.

From the French of Emile Souvestre.

IN 1772, the aged Gassner, then burgomaster of the imperial town of Rothweil, gave ear to the complaints of a peasant who had come from one of the many villages which encircle the Black Forest, to consult him concerning his troubles. Nicholas Ohmacht inveighed bitterly against his son, "who has grown to be," says he, "the scourge of an honest family."

"His two sisters have not given me entire satisfaction," continued the peasant with a sorrowful air; "but as for this fellow Landelin, his mother Agatha brought him into the world in expiation of our sins. At twelve years of age he could not tell cabbage seed from turnip seed, and plague take me if he did not try to hold in his horse by tugging at his tail. Re-

marking that he was more slothful and silly than were his companions of the same age, I put him in the field to watch the cattle; but this turned to my ruin, for he allowed them to forage the entire country round, and I was obliged to indemnify my neighbors for their losses."

"Where was Landelin that he did not watch them?" demanded the magistrate.

"Where was he?" repeated the peasant; "hard by, to be sure! seated within the shadow of a bush and cutting away at his figures! See! here is a specimen of them."

So saying, the worthy Nicholas drew forth from an inner pocket, quite a number of those small wooden images which the herdsmen of the Black Forest carve simply with their pocket knives and which resemble similar productions of the Swiss and Tyrolese.

Master Gassner, taking from him one at a time, examined them attentively. These were none of those indifferent pieces of chased work repeating themselves a thousand times and ever imitated; the attempts of the lad were

stamped with that individual conception which bespoke him an artist. The burgomaster was connoisseur enough to perceive this. He urged upon the peasant that far from having cause for complaint, he ought to be a proud man, and that Landelin was designed for something better than the minding of flocks; he likewise counselled him not to thwart an evident calling, but to send the young boy to live with a carver in wood.

Nicholas Ohmacht hearkened unto the counsel of the aged Gassner, and entrusted his son to the care of a sculptor in wood, who dwelt at Triberg in the Black Forest.

Landelin perceiving very soon that he knew more than his master, departed for Fribourg in Brisgau, where he served out his apprenticeship.

He next lived with Melchior, an ingenious sculptor of Frankenthral, who has bequeathed to us some justly valued treatises upon his craft. It was here that Ohmacht made himself familiar with statuary and began to pursue Art as a serious calling. Ever at work, he

was not slow to lay aside any sums of money however small, save under such circumstances as even his frugal temperament supposed would betray the elements of parsimony. Owing to this rigid economy, he was enabled in 1780 to revisit his family and Master Gassner, to whom he was indebted for the inestimable privilege of following that calling in life for which Nature designed him.

The excellent burgomaster obtained him some work in the cathedral of Rothweil, where they yet show you, in the choir, two busts, and two of the creations of Ohmacht.

These labors brought to a close, the young sculptor, who had not more than attained his twenty-first year, returned to dwell with his master Melchior, whom he only left for a time, to better his fortune at Bale and at Manheim.

Here he executed a great many portraits in that rose-tinted flinty alabaster which is to be found along the banks of certain streams in Switzerland and Germany. The idea which preponderates in these numerous studies of the human countenance, is a sentiment of grace

and ideality, surpassing, so to speak, the suggestions of models. Unknown even to himself and by the intuition of his soul, Ohmacht never sought in the features he reproduced, other than the *happy line;* all that was low or unrefined, vanished beneath his chisel without injury effected to the resemblance; one can always recognize the face he has copied, but the artist has been impressed only by its nobler expression and has gifted us with its sweetest smile. We will pause a moment over this distinguishing mark of his genius, for it is but just to say that in this, Nature herself has deigned to instruct her pupil. That taste for the distorted portrait which obtains a likeness only by laying stress upon extraordinary or ridiculous expressions, is nearly always, in fact, a certain proof of vulgarity or want of power. Art was not intended to parody Nature but rather to exalt her in our estimation, by transferring alone to the canvass or the marble her choicest beauties.

In 1787 and 1788, Ohmacht revisited Switzerland. Then was it he resided with Lava-

ter, whose lineaments he has preserved for us. The author of "The Principles of Physiognomy," formed such a strong attachment for the young sculptor as to make him a small selection of maxims, religious and philosophic, the manuscript copy of which Ohmacht preserved with the greatest care; it was entitled: Andenken an liebe Reisen (Reminiscences of Happy Travels.)

The works executed by the former herdsman of the Black Forest, had insensibly augmented his resources; by means of the fruits of his diligence and economy, he now found himself possessed of a sum that permitted him to visit Italy.

It was in 1790 that this trip was undertaken. He remained two years at Rome, studying the master-pieces, frequenting the studios, working under the immediate eye of Canova and profitting from time to time from interviews with the scholars of the French school. The latter inspired his soul with a taste for theoretical study. Up to this period, he had scarcely endeavored to comprehend Art by other than in-

tuition; his education, from the first too much neglected, was entirely wanting in the branch of Æsthetics; he now began to spend his time in attentively studying the works of Winkelmann; thus, upon his return from Italy, his artistic education was a finished one; the heart, the soul and the hand were in indissoluble league to wage war against the stone and the marble.

Ohmacht lingered at Munich, Vienna and Dresden, all of whose collections he examined. Stopping likewise at Hamburg, he executed a funereal monument, raised by the citizens to Rhodé, their burgomaster. This beautiful work made him known to the world and gained him the friendship of Klopstock, the celebrated author of "The Messiah."

Toward the close of 1796, Ohmacht returned to Rothweil. Here he took his bust, who was the first to read his heart—the good Gassner, and wishing to unite the ties of relationship to those of gratitude, he asked and obtained in marriage the hand of the granddaughter of the wealthy burgomaster.

The new *citizen* of Rothweil soon made it universally acknowledged that in his own character the man and the compatriot were developed equally with the artist. The city had been ruined by the war; its resources were inadequate to the indispensable outlays of the community, and every purse was closed. Now it was that Ohmacht opened his own; he placed at the disposal of his adopted country a portion of his savings—5,000 florins, which sufficed to relieve the pressing necessities of the most indigent.

All this while nothing could keep him from the workshop. After having executed a marble bust of Ernald, last duke of Mayence, he repaired to Francfort during the coronation of the Emperor Leopold, and there finished several important likenesses; at length, towards 1801, they entrusted to his care the erection of a monument between Kahl and Strasburg in honor of General Desaix, upon which, removing to the latter city with his family, he never left it, but continued to look upon it as his adopted country until the hour of his death.

The design of this monument has been often criticized; it is but just to mention that it did not originate with our sculptor. Ohmacht was employed only upon the details; the design and the drawings had been furnished by Weinbrenn, architect of Carlsruhe.

Once established at Strasburg, Ohmacht undertook many first class works which succeeded one another without interruption; the chief of these were:

A group, in stone, representing the judgment of Paris; this group adorns to-day the royal palace of Munich, and is rightly considered a master-piece of grace and expression.

Two marble busts, the one of Holbein the painter, the other of Erwin de Steinbach, who designed the spire of Strasburg Cathedral; both are in the King of Bavaria's museum.

A statue of Neptune, raised as the centre-piece of a fish pond situated half a league from Strasburg. "'The figure of the god of the seas," writes a biographer of Ohmacht, "is of striking dignity: 'Tis Homer's god who shakes the surrounding country when he descends

upon the rocks of Samos, and who in four strides reaches his palace of the Ægean."

A Venus arising from the sea; this is Ohmacht's chef-d'œuvre. Such as have seen it, declare, that for grace, modesty and beauty, it can dispute the palm with the statues of antiquity itself. Disposed of to a gentleman in private life, the latter sold it to a Portuguese for thirty thousand francs, who carried it to Lisbon, where it ought yet to be found.

A Flora in imitation-marble, finished in 1812; this is the *pendent* of the Venus.

A monument erected at Strasburg, in honor of Koch, the renowned jurist; his bust surmounts an altar against which leans a winged-genius, whose eyes are turned towards heaven; a female figure, holding the mural crown and personifying the city of Strasburg, is seated upon a rock, and suspends over his brow the wreath of oaken leaves which was awarded alone to distinguished citizens.

The colossal bust of the prefect of the Lower Rhine, Lezai-Marnesia; it ornaments the literary club-house of Strasburg.

A Christ and two statues representing Faith and Charity; these three figures, in the finest style, were ordered in 1815 by the Grand Duke of Baden; they decorate the pulpit of the beautiful Protestant church at Carlsruhe.

Two Hebes holding the chalice out of which the gods quaff nectar.

A bust of Raphael, copied from an original portrait of the great artist, the production of his own hand.

A Flora, in marble, forming part of a monument the Count de Coigny had erected at Rheims to Catel, the celebrated musician.

A monument raised by the Emperor Rodolph in the Cathedral of Spires.

A figure of Martin Luther, executed for the city of Wittembourg, in 1817.

The monuments of Haussmann, the banker; of the illustrious Obelin, pastor to Ban de la Roche; of Emmerich, of Reisseissern, with that of Blessig, the famous Protestant preacher at Turckheim.

Six Muses which stand in the theatre of Strasburg.

Ohmacht, even during life, was in the possession of those joys which renown can bestow upon genius. His works, eagerly sought after and appreciated, procured him comfort and admiration, without in the least degree undermining the natural simplicity of his character. Several times was he obliged to refuse letters of nobility which German princes earnestly pressed upon him, as likewise the title of "Sculptor to the Court," in spite of considerable advantages which accrued to the position. His dwelling once resembled and can yet be likened to a museum; the traveller there ever sees on exhibition the exquisite works of Ohmacht and some pictures from the pencils of the most renowned painters. It was upon the 31st of March, 1834, that this excellent man and eminent artist gave up his soul to God. He has bequeathed to us one pupil—M. Grass—who designed the monument of Kleber, the bronze statue of Icarus, and a marble one of the Little Breton Girl; the two last figures were purchased by the Strasburg Museum.

The Ventriloquist.

From the French of Emile Souvestre.

THE village of Hopfield is, par excellence, the abode of gossip and scandel; there, each mouth is a trumpet, each inhabitant an echo. Whisper in the morning a secret at the far end of the parish, and in the evening you will hear it repeated everywhere; even friendship is indiscreet, and most intimate acquaintances resemble those cracked glasses which can retain nothing.

If you ever wish a neighbor to do some kind act by you, go not to Hopfield to reside, for no one there has a moment to *waste* upon others; but let, perchance, a carriage or a horse pass through the place, or a voice cry "brooms for sale!" and you will see each abandon his work and run to the gate; for there are as many curious people as scandal-mongers in Hopfield,

and every one is an economist of his time that he may advance his own interests.

One mild autumnal evening, Peggy Mulliers, who was mending a pair of stockings at the door of her cabin, threw them hastily aside and ran out into the street to see whither her neighbor Zoe Willis betook herself so fast. She soon perceived quite a crowd of men, women and children, who had collected together from the other end of the village, and right in the heart of them a black bear treading, unconcernedly, the path marked out for him by a juggler. The latter wore a faded cloak twice too large for him; a waistcoat divorced from his pantaloons, which in vain strove to conceal a tattered shirt; boots to whose tops nothing was wanted but soles, and a grey hat that now for many months had been widowed of its rim. A young boy in white and of a hungry face, walked before him, piping away and beating so vigorously upon a tambourin, that all who heard him were irresistibly impelled to keep time with their feet.

On reaching the door of the Red Lion, the

only inn of the village—the juggler stopped. At a sign, the crowd formed a ring around him, when he ordered Bruin to stand up; then waving a stick about his head, he commenced to dance, the animal keeping step with him and imitating his attitudes after a manner truly grotesque. The villagers of Hopfield, one could easily see, were now in their element, and the crowd cheered heartily.

A ventriloquist of humorous temperament, chancing to be at the Red Lion, looked down upon this ridiculous spectacle from his window. Arriving that morning, he had already discovered the credulity and ignorance of the inhabitants of Hopfield; the thought struck him forthwith to avail him of his accomplishment and quietly amuse himself at their expense. It took him but a moment to descend and mix with the spectators; taking advantage of a pause in the racket of pipe and tambourin, he approached the juggler.

"Your bear can doubtless talk?" said h addressing the other with a serious air.

The mountebank, casting a sly glance abou

him, shrugged his shoulders and replied with bluntness:

"Question him and you will find out."

This was exactly what the ventriloquist desired. Taking a step towards Bruin, with his thumbs in his waistcoat, as though in the humor for a joke, he spoke to the bear in a bantering tone:

"You dance as though you belonged to an opera troupe, and deserve a great deal of praise for it. What country are you from, dear sir?"

A voice which seemingly came from the bear's mouth, replied: "The Alps in Switzerland."

It were in vain for us to essay to describe the shock communicated to the crowd; every one was struck with astonishment and affright; but an artist might to some purpose have studied the stupor of the mountebank in the midst of all these terrified forms. He opened his large dull eyes, stretched his immense mouth devoid of teeth, and remained as immovable as though his feet had taken root.

The ventriloquist turning towards him:

"What excellent English your bear speaks! he scarce retains any of the Swiss accent." Then addressing himself to Bruin:

"You look very sad," observed he, with interest.

"The English fogs have given me the spleen," replied the animal. Involuntarily the crowd moved backward some few paces.

The ventriloquist continued:

"Have you belonged to this master long?"

"Long enough to be heartily tired of him."

"Why, does'nt he treat you kindly, Bruin?"

"One would imagine he took me for an anvil, he hammers me so."

"And how do you intend to revenge yourself?"

"One of these mornings I will eat him as I would a radish for my breakfast."

At these words the intimidated crowd cleared a large space between it and the bear. The juggler, aghast, tried to drag Bruin after him by his chain; but the animal, tired out, gave vent to his feelings by a hollow growl. The ventriloquist now turned upon his heel; forcing

his hat over his eyes he shaped his course for the inn; the crowd, well scared, followed his example and scattered in every direction, running as though the bear were after them.

The ventriloquist, on reaching the Red Lion, looked, with tears in his eyes, upon the fugitives as they rushed madly through the various streets of the village, whilst Bruin, the cause of all this disorder, quietly seated upon his haunches, seemed to cast a listless and philosophic glance upon all those terrors which enveloped his form.

The same evening, the ventriloquist chancing to be at the door of the inn where many of the inhabitants had again collected, heard them chat of the adventure of the forenoon with strong amplifications and learned commentaries. Thinking that his pleasantry had had sufficient scope, he explained, laughing the while, how the thing had happened. For a time they listened to him with evident curiosity, but when he had ended, the sages of the village shook their heads with an incredulous air.

"Tell this to children if you will," mut-

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